

THE BOSTON MORNING POST.

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TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1834.

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From the New York Knickerbocker.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

'My eyes!' said the Potatoe to the Lemon, 'how bilious you look to-day. Your skin is as yellow as saffron. What can be the matter?

Lemon. A acidity of stomach,—a family complaint of ours.

Potatoe. Why dont you take advice?

Lemon. Advice! You know my poor dear brother dropped off the other day, and without being allowed to rest on his mother earth, his body was snatched up by a member of the Bar, who, instead of acting legally, dissected him—absolutely cut him up, 'All for the public good,' said the rascal, as he squeezed out poor Lem's last gastric juices. Take advice, quotha! If he was not allowed to enter a plea in Bar, what may I expect from Doctors Commons?

Potatoe. That's true. I only hope poor Lem, though he was in liquor at the time, had strength enough to give him a punch under the ribs; he was a rum customer to the last, no doubt,—but I must say I wish his skin had been Fuller. Do you attend the Meeting-to-night?

Lemon. I feel rather soured at present. I met Running-Vine just now with the invitations, and he hinted that there would be a squeeze, in which case I should decline, as they might press me to furnish drink for the company;—in fact, it is always so when they call any of my family to their aid. But now, to be serious, my sweet Potatoe, if you should go, let me advise you not to get yourself into hot water; you'll be dished to a certainty if you do. Onion, the strongest friend you have on earth, brought tears to my eyes by the bare recital of what would be the probable consequences of your attending it. In case of a row, you'll both have to strip—peel off. Now, under such circumstances he'll certainly excite some sort of sympathy; whereas the removal of your russet coat might attract more admiration than pity: 'Lovely in death,' would they say,—"Palida mors," etc. Indeed, for my own part, I think you do look better in white. Oh! another thing I would say: Keep out of Horse Radish's company; he will be sure to get into a *scrape*—a greater one than he imagines, perhaps—and as for Onion, (don't let this leak out,) I fear the rope will end him. I should not like to get into a stew with him—so, man! Ah! Here come Plum and Pear. How savage they look.

Plum. How are you, my dear Lemon? Do decide this question between Plum and me. On referring to Johnson, we find my numerical value estimated at two only, while the rascally Plum is set down for a hundred thousand. It's too absurd: there must be some mistake.

Plum. None at all, Please to recollect, sir, that I weigh a stone more than you.

Pear. From that I must beg leave to *sccede*. Lemon. Stop this fruitless wrangling, or I shall be tempted to skin you both to get at the truth. I'm not in spirits. As for you, Mr Plum, no more of your tart remarks; and Mr Pear, if you wish to be preserved, the less jarring the better. Here comes our good friend Raspberry. How do you do, my fine fellow, and where have you been?

Raspberry. In the most infernal jam you ever saw:—pon honor, 'twas insupportable. What's the news?

Lemon. There is a report which Bush has raised, quite currant here, that he served you up in sweet style last evening at tea-table, before a party of ladies, and the cream of the joke is that you were considerably down in the mouth.

Raspberry. Mere envy. You know he cultivates the affections of Miss Rose Geranium, (a sweet creature, by the by, and has grown very much lately,) but finding that she preferred me, he became saucy, which induced me to beat him into a jelly, and send him in that state to his friend Venison, who lives near the Fulton Market.

Lemon. (*Putts his hands on his hips and guffaws.*) Bravo! What a funny limb of Satan you are. But Ras, have you seen old Gardener lately?—He'll give you a deuced trimming when he meets you. He says you ought to have done sowing your wild oats, and that although it goes against his grain to complain of your tredding on his corns, he can't stand it any longer, and must peach.

Raspberry. Peach, will he? And are these to be the fruits of my bearing with him so long? He has been picking at me for some time, and yet it was but yesterday, the ungrateful old rascal, that I got him out of a scrape with Mr Horse Radish, who, after seizing him by the nose, threw a musk-melon at his head, exclaiming, with an equestrian laugh, 'That ought to make at least one mango.' And go he did; that's certain, alfo squash.

Lemon. A challenge will ensue, doubtless.

Raspberry. By no means. No one knows better than Gardener that Horse Radish shoots like the devil in the Spring, and one fall he has already received from him. It would be unreasonable to—, but drop the subject, for here comes Mrs Tree, who seems to wear a very cypress look.

Mrs Tree. Good morning, gentlemen. You have heard, no doubt, that I have lost those young limbs of mine. Well, perhaps it's for the best: offsprings are a great trouble and expense, and to speak the truth, I should pine more at the loss of my trunk. Fine growing weather this: adieu.

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The Executive.—At the Charlestown Swiggery, Mr Davis re-echoed what has passed through every opposition souter's mouth which has been opened since the removal of the depositories, viz: the charge that the President, by that act, seized upon the *Purse* of the Nation. The falsity of this charge, although known to every intelligent man in the country, in no degree abashes its repeaters. It is still sounding through the land, and will yet be uttered by those who think that nothing is too absurd for the people to believe, or too false to aid them in their attempt to blast the reputation of the nation's benefactor. The removal of the depositories gave the Executive no more power over them than he possessed before; nor did he, in ordering that measure, exercise any power which had not been exercised by every Administration from the origin of the Government up to the establishment of the present Bank, as he states in his last Message.

But what will these men say, who have been so eager to impress the people with the belief that the President was impotent for an unchecked control of the public money, at the following recommendation in his Message of the 2d instant:—

"The attention of Congress is earnestly invited to the regulation of the depositories in the State Banks, by law. Although the power now exercised by the Executive Department in this behalf, is only such as was uniformly exerted through every Administration from the origin of the Government up to the establishment of the present Bank, yet, it is one which is susceptible of regulation by law, and, therefore, ought so to be regulated. The power of Congress to direct in what places the Treasurer shall keep the moneys in the Treasury, and to impose restrictions upon the Executive authority, in relation to their custody and removal, is unlimited, and its exercise will rather be courted than discouraged by those public officers and agents on whom rests the responsibility for their safety. *It is desirable that as little power as possible should be left to the President or Secretary of the Treasury over those institutions*—which, being thus freed from Executive influence, and without a common head to direct their operations, would have neither the temptation nor the ability to interfere in the political conflicts of the country. Not deriving their charters from the national authorities, they would never have those inducements to meddle in general elections, which have led the Bank of the United States to agitate and convulse the country for upwards of two years."

Does this look like an anxiety to usurp unlawful authority over the public revenues? Is here manifested that determination to wield the power of the "Sword and the Purse," which has been so solemnly and repeatedly imputed to the President in and out of Congress—by Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Gov. Davis, and the lesser lights which glimmer by their reflection? No. It flatly disproves their malign accusation, and discourses to the people the unworthy and dishonorable means his enemies are compelled to resort to as excuses for their unjustifiable attacks upon the Executive of the Nation. The President asks for no favor from foe or friend—the TRUTH is all that he demands—he is willing to be anxious, that his opinions and his acts should be known to all his fellow creatures—there is no disguise about ANDREW JACKSON—he is as free in his thoughts and communications as he is fearless and independent in the execution of what he conceives to be his duty—and such is the purity of his motives and the correctness of his actions, that those who deem it their interest to encourage the reverse of these, are obliged to grossly misrepresent him to give plausibility to their unmeasured abuse.

The same men who have talked much about the "Sword and the Purse," and us also that Gen. Jackson would embroil the country with foreign powers—but now has this prediction terminated? Why, in our understanding at this moment in more amicable relation towards foreign powers than we ever have before since the establishment of our Government—since the commencement of the present administration the President has signed upwards of FIVE different treaties of PEACE and COMMERCE—recovered a much larger amount of claims upon other nations than any Executive who has preceded him, and placed the country in an unparalleled condition of prosperity.

It was said, too, that he would grasp at military power to enable him to execute the ambitious designs imputed to him—and even now, when he calls upon the country only to maintain her honor and enforce her rights, the accusation is repeated, but how unjustly his own words declare in his last communication to Congress.—He says—

"The army is in a high state of discipline. Its moral condition, so far as that is known here, is good, and the various branches of the public service, are carefully attended to. It is amply sufficient, under its present organization, for providing the necessary garrisons for the sea-board and for the defence of the internal frontier, and also for preserving the elements of military knowledge, and for keeping pace with those improvements which modern experience is continually making. And those objects appear to me to embrace all the legitimate purposes for which a permanent military force should be maintained in our country. The lessons of history teach us its danger, and the tendency which exists to an increase. This can be best met and averted by a just caution on the part of the public itself, and of those who represent them in Congress."

Thus fall, one after another, the libels upon the feelings, wishes, and conduct of him whom the people have placed at the head of their government, and triumphantly sustained in his patriotic labors to promote their prosperity and secure their liberty. The false predictions and assertions of those who have attempted to destroy him, and through him the Democratic party, have been exposed—their hypocrisy is unveiled, and they are now withering under that contempt which defeated malice and treachery always draw down upon those who are guided by their influence.

The Trial of the Convent Rioters.—As the principal facts in relation to the destruction of the Convent on Mount Benedict, were disclosed in the trial of Buzzell, and reported at length in the Post, we deemed it unnecessary to publish the proceedings in the trials for that outrage now pending at East Cambridge.

Marcy and Mason have both been identified as having been seen in the Convent, when it was set on fire. Mason was very active in collecting curtains, carpets, and other combustibles to accelerate the flames. He was also seen soaking the drawers and bureaus in the different apartments.

Patrick Dain, a coachman to James Patten, Esq., at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, was killed on Thursday, by the kick of a horse.

A woman was arrested on the same day for the murder of her infant by throwing it down a sink.

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

The noblest desires are of a jealous nature—they engross, they absorb the soul, and often leave the splenic humors stagnant and unheeded at the surface.—Unheeding the petty things around us, we are deemed morose—impatient at earthly interruption to the diviner dreams, we are thought irritable and churlish. For as there is no chimeric vainer than the hope that one human heart shall find sympathy in another, so none ever interpret us with justice, and none, no, not our nearest and our dearest ties, forbear with us in mercy! When we are dead, and repentance comes too late, both friend and foe may wonder to think how little there was in us to forgive!

When we are deeply mournful, discordant above all others is the voice of mirth; the fittest spell is that borrowed from melancholy itself, for dark thoughts can be softened down, when they cannot be brightened—and so they lose the precise and rigid outline of their truth, and their colors melt into the ideal. As the leach applies as a remedy to the internal sore, some outward irritation, which, by a gentler wound, draws away the venom of that which is more deadly, thus, in the ranking fitters of the mind, our art is to divert to a milder sadness on the surface, the pain that gnaweth at the core.

The Swiss keep the same unchanged character of simplicity, honesty, frugality, modesty, bravery. These are the virtues which preserve liberty. They have no corrupt and corrupting court, no blood-sucking place-men, no standing army, the ready instruments of tyranny, no ambition for conquest, no debauching commerce, no luxury, no citadels against invasions and against liberty. Their mountains are their fortifications, and every householder is a soldier, ready to fight for his country.

Many of the Chinese nobility, on the decisive sea-fight between the Chinese and Tartars, in which 100,000 of the former were killed, A. D. 1279, would not submit to the Tartar government, though they might have enjoyed all their honors and advantages. They preferred, like Cato or Brutus, an honorable death to shameful servitude.

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at the morning twilight—for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they poetically imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

The city of Fez, in Africa, has the strange privilege of being allowed to yield to an enemy, who shall get within half a mile of its walls. Every king, at his coronation, confirms this privilege.

Victory is more especially founded upon courage, and courage upon liberty, which grows not without a root planted in the policy or foundation of the government.

The mouth is emphatically the porch of the head and the heart—from the architecture of the former we judge of the structure and finish of the latter.

The pride of woman has an hypocrisy which can deceive the most penetrating, and shame the most astute.

The Bank Presses are complaining because the Rothschilds have been appointed the financial agents of the government in London, in place of the Barings.—Sufficient reasons for this change may be found in the conduct of the Barings in relation to the French bill, who upon that occasion in place of stepping forward to protect the credit of the Government, colluded with the Bank to enable it to trump up a claim for damages against the Government, upon which pretext the Bank has made a seizure of the public money. And farther, Francis, Henry and Alexander Baring, who composed the firm when it was appointed the government's bankers, have retired from the concern, and withdrawn their fortunes, and the business is now carried on by two or three young men named Baring, with an American, named Bates, at the head.

A Committee of New York Firemen reached Philadelphia, on Thursday, with a view of settling the preliminaries of the approaching contest with the Firemen who has preceded him, and placed the country in an unparalleled condition of prosperity.

Water will soon be the principal element of war, national and personal—our Navy will consist of steam battle ships, and our duellists arm themselves with small steam engines—powder and lead will soon be out of fashion, and all disputes settled by the power of hot water.

The whigs of Boston have carried every thing in their late municipal election.—*Philadelphia paper.*

"Not ex-act-ly," my good fellow—the Democrats carried one-sixth part of the city—viz: two Wards out of twelve.

The Knickerbocker is the best Magazine in the country. The December number is full of interesting and amusing articles, one of which may be found upon the First Page of this morning's Post.

From Barbadoes.—By the brig Cornelia, Captain Baird, we have Barbadoes papers to the 8th ult.

The paper of the latest date complains of the drought, and says, "every thing in the ground, but especially the yams, must be suffering." Upwards of 28,000 hds. of sugar have been shipped from the Island this year, and the home consumption is reckoned at about 2000.

The Baptist Chapel at Brownstown, in Santa Anna, had been destroyed by fire—supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A liberal reward was offered for the discovery of the perpetrator.—*N. Y. J. Com.*

De Soto.—The New York Mercantile states, on the authority of a gentleman who was at Gibraltar in the winter of 1829—30, that a person confined under an accusation of piracy on board a British vessel, made his escape, and that his name was Bernardo de Soto.—This is the name of one of the pirates recently convicted in Boston, but recommended to mercy, for saving part of the crew of an American vessel.

We find on search, that on the 21st of January, 1830, one Benito de Soto was sentenced to be executed at Gibraltar, for piracy, the execution to be on the Monday following. On the 23rd, which was Monday, the Gibraltar Chronicle, an evening paper, says:—"Benito de Soto was executed this morning at 10 o'clock."—Some imperfect recollection of this must have misled the informant of the Mercantile Advertiser, both in relation to name and result.—*Trans.*

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POLICE COURT.

A mock example of long suffering, under the most sensitive species of injury, at least so considered, by susceptible souls, was exhibited, in Court, in the amiable person of John Trippets, a neat little chunk of ebony, about five feet nothing in altitude, who came to enter a complaint against Charles R. Lowfer, a man of larger mould, but as trig a piece of black ivory, as ever brandished a ladle, or skinned a soup kettle over a galley fire, with the consequential air of a man in authority. The injured one commenced his statement of misery, which, however insufferable, was not unbearable, by calling the attention of the magistrate to a couple of carving knives, of potential aspect, glistening in the sunbeams, that noiselessly disported themselves on the clerk's desk. Then fixing his lobster-like eyes, "more in sorrow than in anger," on the shining blades, as to concentrate his thoughts upon the painful subject with which they were indissolubly associated, he opened the cause of all his woes, and dilated upon each dire event, with circumstantial particularity, in the following consecutive, affecting, and unsophisticated specimens of African eloquence, which is here set forth, without addition or diminution, for the benefit of the orators of all colors of the rising generation:—

"May it please your honor, if so be you be the gentleman, me and Mr. Lowfer, the gentleman what they got in jail, is very good friends, as any body, you see—(You understand me, don't ye?) Well, my wife went out one evening—(You understand me, Judge?) And so I kind a thought sunshin'—(You understand me?) So I went down to Lowfer's brig—(You understand me?) And there I kept a look out, and saw her waiting for him—(You understand me?) Well, she didn't come home that night—(You understand that, Judge, don't ye?) And the next mornin' I laid it to her, but she said—"My dear, there's nothing in it; there aint, 'pon my honor there aint; I was only having a little sport with Lowfer to make you jealous." Well, I believed her, though I once afore caught Lowfer in her room, with his hands on her—(You understand me?) However I forgin her that time, and we made all up, and I asked her to cut my hair—(You understand me?) "Yes, my dear, I will, if you'll just wait till I go down to my service place, to tell Missus the reason I warnt at home last night," she answered; and I replied to her—"Yes, my love, you may go, but you needn't be particuler about telling the reason"—(You understand that, Judge, don't ye?) Well, she didn't come back to cut my hair, and about moonrising, I began to think again—(You understand me?) So I went to her service place to watch her, and jest as I got to the fence, I slanted down like, making my body horizontal perpendicular, like a ladder resting 'gainst a chimney—(You understand me?) Well, when I got my eye to the right elevator, so as to take sight, I peeked clear through a crack in the fence, but she couldn't see me a night eaze of the moonshade, for I had the light behind—(You understand me?) Well, by gols and my sacred honor, jest at that moment, what do you suppose, yer honor, she was dooin'? Why, she was brushed up in all her Sunday clothes, that I giv' her on part, and tying on her Leghorn, to go to meet Lowfer—(You understand me?) Well, I kept crouching down, till I got my knee to the wharf, when she saluted out, and as she made for the brig, I split full tilt arter her, till I got down to the wharf, when I slackened my pace some to see sartain if she would be so bad arter what she said in the morning, as to go aboard. Well, I'll be dang'd, if aboard she didn't go—and I really began to suspect that she was a little deceitful—(You understand me?) Well, I hadn't waited long afore Lowfer came down, and as we are very good friends and very sociable, notwithstanding this other little matter atwixt us, he told me all that I had been saying to her in the morning, so that I knew they had been together during the day—Well, I stood talking to him about things in general, for some time, but as he seemed sort of impatient to go to the brig where my wife was, I thought I'd go home—(You understand me?) Well, the next morning, I told her that, "If I ever caught her there again, the Lord might have mercy on her soul." This set her a taking on, and crying so, that it somehow softened my heart, and so I forgin her again; but Lowfer heard that she had got into trouble on his account, and he being a spirited sort of man, was naturally a little vexed at it, and so about midnight he come to my house, with these two knives in his hands, and swore he'd rip out my jealous heart—(You understand me?) Well, I didn't like to have it said I had a jealous heart, nor be ripped up, when I hadn't done him no harm intentionally, or I always liked him very well—(You understand me?) So I called the watch, and they come and took the knives away from Lowfer, and took him away from me. I don't want you to hurt him, or you have got him, yer honor, for he is a gentleman, what I always respected, but I want you to keep him from breaking into my house, with such things as them tools in the night."

Trippet's story, so far as it related to the knives and threats, was confirmed by the watch, and the cause of them was not contradicted by Lowfer, and the Court extended the broad axis of the law over the simple-hearted and inoffensive complainant by fining his annoyer \$3.00 and costs, and putting him under bonds to keep the peace towards his "very good friend." Lowfer's captain paid the fine, gave the security, and took the intriguing rogue to sea with him.

Dialogue.—"I say, Pomp, you hearee Missur Thompson liver lecture on slavery tudder night?"

"Yes, Casar, me hear him both time."

"Well, Pomp, what tuk on em?"

"Tink on em! —Gor-i! Casar—why tink he greatest man eber I hear. His voice so fine, he make me tuk of color man blow a conch shell in e woods to call e pigs togidder. What you tuk on em, Casar?"

"What I tuk?—Why bresse my soul, Pomp, he preached so powerful bout "all de sexes" in San-ning, dat take all de knot out ob my hair, an make tan trait in end."

"Well, Casar, Missur Thompson I hope tans up for amalgamation—tink he hab color wife?"

"Guess not, Pomp: white men what leter on slavery an amalgamation, I sposse willin to hab black wife; but den e color lady so tickeler bout e husban:—She no take up wid every ting what come along. She hard gib consent to marry likely color man—"

William McElroy.
Charleston, Mass. Nov 14, 1834.
eo4w*

NOTICE TO TAILORS.—The Tailor of Boston and its vicinity, to call and see in operation his shop at Charlestown, unknown, ince ted and made by Joseph Kennedy, of South Boston, for the purpose of heating Irons, and I can also highly recommend it for warming rooms, by use of which all kinds of fuel can be used at a moderate expense. Hard coal is preferable.

WASHINGTO, NOV 29—cl sch American Coaster. Hudson, Pendleton, Frankfort, Boston.

SALT PORTLAND Dec 13—ar brig Orono, Dyer, Matanzas; Sch Four Brothers, Stinson, Neford; Domede, Stout, Philadelphia; Henry, Cousins, and Traveler, Merithew, Frankfort, for Boston.

Cleared Brig Susan Jane, Winslow, Cuba; Mary Pease, Adie, Trindim; Albert, Simonton, Guadalupe; James, Patelin, Philadelphia.

SALEM Dec 12—cleared brig Cherokee, Benson, Boston; sch Temperance, Leach, Charleston.

NEWBURYPORT Dec 13—ar sch Van Buren, Norton, New York.

Cleared sch Miriam, Whitmore, Havana.

PROVIDENCE Dec 13—ar Signal, Baker, and Darius, Boston.

Cleared brig Fame, Chambers, Havana.

WARREN, RI, Dec 11—cleared brig Wm Henry, Cole, Massachusetts.

NEW YORK Dec 12—ar brig Cornelia, Beard, Montevideo 11th Dec. Maldonado 1st Oct, Barbados 1st Nov, Saw, Oct 3, lat 36 30, lon 55; a vessel bottom up, apparently about 250 tons.

Sch George, Whelden, Aux Cayes 24.

Cleared brig Splendid, Clark, Laguira and St Croix; sch Constellation, N. Orl.

12th—ar Helen, Butman, Liverpool; brig Ann Wayne, Longcope, Hamburg; sch Page, Boston.

Cleared ship Frances, Griffith, Greenock; brak Solomon Salust, Riddell, Rio Janeiro: brig Othello, Spurling, Matanzas; Henry Clay, Rodbird, Charleston; Sarah Ann Alley, Boston; schs Convoy, and Factor, do.

WILLIAM MC ELROY.

WILLIAM MC ELROY.

TOOCK OF CARPETING.—B' order of the Assignee—the stock of Carpeting and Rugs, in store No 313 Washington street, will be offered at private sale, for a week, at very low prices—after which the balance will be sold at auction.

The assortment is extensive, and presents a favorable opportunity for the purchase of goods in this line.

copisw*

SURFOTS, OVERCOATS, WRAPPERS & CLOAKS—double breasted Vests, for sale at 34 Dock square, by Garments made to measure in the best manner.

Also—constantly for sale Cloths, Cassimere and Vestings.

d13 copisw*

SA GILSON, would respectfully inform his former pat-

rons and the public, that he has relinquished his

Business at 18 Broad st., formerly occupied by Mr Oliver Davis's) where he will

continue to keep horses at livery and horses, chaises and carriages for letting as usual. Particular attention will be paid to his customers, and every exertion used to give satisfaction.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office, Cambridge, Dec. 15, 1834.

Atkinson John
Anthony Julius C
Adam Arthur
Alice Isaac
Abbot Abiel
Bald Cyrus R
Baldred Elias M
Bantam Wm S
Bargin John F
Bramin Charlott'e
Barman Mr
Barman Mr
Blond Asa B
Burges Nathaniel
Burges Thomas H
Baldred Elias
Batchelder Jacob
Bassell Isaac I
Brown L
Blisland James
Batchelder Shubel
Chamberlain Abiel
Clegg A. H
Clark B. H
Clapp's Hedge
Cooper Am'l
Cooper & Hillard
Cutter Lydia
Cuthbert Hiram
Chaud or N H
Caldwell Lucia
Clouds Wm
Copp Amasa
Coleman Daniel S
Cook Ephraim
Creely Jogg
Davies Leonard
Davis Eliphazt
Dickson Anna T
Ellis George
Eaton Phillips
Edwards Abraham
Faroum Mrs
Fox Miranda
Fisher Martha
Gibson Ann
Goth Benj F
Goss Sarah
Globe Wm
Goodwin John W
Griggs Elizabeth
Gorham Mr
Gardner & Lapley
Green Leonard
Guy & Hulles W
Harris Son
Hedgeman Ames
Hewitts Jos L
Hillis Josiah
Hoyt Horace L
Hal J. se
Hancock Jas S
Hard Benj
Hart N. H.
Hayden Elizabeth
Harvey Mary
Hill William H
Holmes G C
House Celestia
Irving Abigail
Jewitt Henry G
Jugith Rachel E

SAMUEL NEVELL, Post Master.

To the Honorable JOSEPH HALL, Esquire, Judge of the Court of Probate, within the County of Suffolk, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE PETITION of JAMES W. FENNO, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, Attorney at Law, Administrator of the estate of JOSIAH B. SPEER, late of said Boston, Gentleman, deceased, intestate, humbly shews, that the just debts which the said deceased owed at the time of his death have not been paid to the said Administrator, amounting to the sum of one hundred and six dollars and sixty-two cents.

The personal estate of the said deceased, as the same has been duly ascertained into the Probate office, amounts to the sum of \$100 and thirty-three cents.

There is allowed to the said Administrator, for expenses and charges incurred by him, and for allowance to the widow out of the personal estate of said deceased, the sum of eighty-one dollars and fifty-three cents; and the balance remaining in his hands falls short of discharging the said debts by the sum of one hundred and eighty-eight dollars and eighty-two cents.

The personal estate of the said deceased, as the same has been duly ascertained into the Probate office, amounts to the sum of \$100 and thirty-three cents.

Therefore your petitioner prays that he may be empowered and licensed to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, as will raise us sum sufficient for the payment of said debts, and incidental charges.

JAMES W. FENNO.

December 15, 1834.

SUFFOLK, ss. At a Court of Probate, helden at Boston, within the said County, on Monday, the fifteenth day of December, A. D. 1834.

UPON the petition aforesaid of James W. Fenno, Administrator as aforesaid,

Ordered, that the said James W. notify all persons interested therein to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Boston, within the said County, on Monday the twelfth day of January next, by giving them notice of the petition aforesaid with this instrument, or by advertisement thereof three weeks successively, in the newspaper called the Boston Morning Post, printed in Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before the twelfth day of January, when and where they may be heard concerning the same.

JOSEPH HALL, Judge of Probate.

FOR RENT—(if applied for immediately)—a Store in Roxbury, near the entrance of Mt. Guy Carlton, and only a few paces from the Boston and Providence Rail Road and the Tremont Hotel. A more eligible situation for a Grocery cannot be found in the vicinity of the city. For terms apply to said Carlton, No 34 North Market street, or to WM. BUTTERS, No 36 State st.

episw—d16

NEW JEWELRY.—A fresh supply of Jewelry of the most fashionable patterns, just received by A. CUTLER, No 217 Washington street, opposite Franklin st.

N. B.—Those about purchasing Christmas and New Year's Presents, will be able to make a good selection from the above assortment.

d16

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that my wife—Ann Wear, has left my bed and board against my will—this is to caution all people from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will not be answerable for any debts contracted by her after this date.

Boston, Dec. 15, 1834.

TRIAL OF THE PIRATES—will be published on Monday, 3d Edition of the Report of this Trial—WITH ENGRAVINGS. This edition was reported by a competent panel of engravers from the beginning to the end of its trial, and may be depended upon for its correctness. It contains all of the evidence, and enough of the arguments on both sides, to enable any one to form an opinion of the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. The Engravings are illustrations of the evidence, African Scenery, etc., etc.—published by LEMUEL GULLIVER, at Stationer's Hall, 82 State street.

d6

\$20 REWARD—Supposed to be hidden in the Woods, between Roxbury and some place else on the Worcester Turnpike road, leading from Roxbury, and about 5 miles from Boston, a lot of English Goods, such as Brocades, Silks, Calicoes, Vestings, Linens, Shawls, Buttons, Handkerchiefs, and other articles. Any person who shall find the same, or give information where they can be found, shall receive the above reward and all necessary expenses, by giving notice to the subscriber, at South Boston.

WM. ANDREWS.

d11—epiw

WM. BUTTERS, No 36 State street, (under the New England Marine Insurance Office) continues to negotiate the business of REAL ESTATE & EXCHANGE BROKERAGE.

Dwds, Leases, Bills of Sale, Contracts, and other legal in struments drawn at short notice and in a style to please.

W. B. also attends to the sprung and collected collection of outstanding demands; the adjustment of Insolvent Debtors, and Partnership concerns.

episw—d7

STOLEN.—Stolen from the parlor of the subscriber on Thursday, the 4th of December, between 5 and 5 o'clock, P. M. one double cased silver Glass Watch, with a steel chain with long links, and one old brass key, and a bill in the case, marked John Osgood, Jr. jeweler. Whoever will return said watch, or give information where the same can be found, and the thief or thief detected, shall receive a generous reward.

WM. ANDREWS.

d11

A SPLENDID ARTICLE FOR LADIES.

A THOMAS O. BRISCALL, at No 8 State street, north side of City Hall, the original Manufacturer of Satin Beaver HATS, has just manufactured a splendid assortment of SATIN HATS, BONNETS, adapted to the present season; he can supply the manufacturers of the article can recommend them for quality and durability, which is not excelled by any thing of the kind in the market. They will be sold cheap for Cash. The Ladies are requested to call and examine this splendid article.

d10

EMB. AND MARINE INSURANCE.—THE COMMONWEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY hereby give notice, that their Capital Stock now invested according to law is

\$300,000,

that they continue to insure on Marine risks, against the perils of the SEA—and on buildings and merchandise, against the hazard of FIRE, not exceeding \$30,000 on any one risk.

JOHN K. SIMPSON, President.

JOHN STEVENS, Secretary.

episw—my 3

NOTICE.—The Tremont Insurance Company, No. 4 Commercial street, give notice that their Capital stock of \$200,000 is paid in and invested according to law, and that they are prepared to insure on vessels, property or freight, against the dangers of the sea. Also on buildings, goods and furniture against damage by fire—not exceeding \$30,000 on one risk.

J. LINNEY, President.

LOST.—A Gold Watch Chain and Key, this forenoon, between Leverett and State st. Whoever has found the same, and will leave them at this office, shall receive a suitable reward.

d11

TREMONT THEATRE.

MRS AUSTIN'S Last Appearance in Boston, previous to her departure for Europe,—on which occasion she will appear for the first time in the new Opera of GUSTAVUS.

Last Night of Signor GAMBATI and Signor RAVAGLIA.

THIS EVENING, December 16, Will be presented the celebrated New Drama of

GUSTAVUS 3D,

Or—The Masked Ball!

Gustavus 3d. ——Or—The Masked Ball!—Mr Harry.—Count Arkastrom—Mr Smith.—Mrs Austin—Miss Pelby—(the king's favorite page)—Mr Barrett—Amelia—(Countess of Arkastrom)—Mrs Barrett—(With the following Songs)—

'The Soldier tired,' 'Even as the Sun,' with Clarionett and Bigle Obligato, Mr Kendall and Mr Hanner.

Opening Chorus—'Long live the King.'

Song—To rend the stars—Mrs Austin.

Fina—To great Gustavus—principals and chorus.

Song—Fair dame to you I bring, Mrs Austin, Mrs Barrett, Messrs Comer, Smith, Whiting and Chorus.

Chorus—Pleasure is here.

Previous to the Opera the following Selections from the Italian Opera,

Arria Nella Somnambula—Bellini—Signor Gambati

A perch non posso adiuri—Signor Gambati

Grand March Semiramide—Trumpet Obligato—Gambati

Cavatina—Mentre m' appresso l' am—Signor Ravaglia

Cavatina—Negli arabi affidi Teleti—Lucini—Ravaglia

mitw

Prices, 1st and 2d Tiers of Boxes \$1. Third Tier of Boxes

75 cents. Pit 50 cents. Gallery 25 cents.

* Doors open at 6 o'clock. Performance commences at 6 o'clock.

CARD.—DR. DIVINE, the celebrated Fire King, most respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Boston and vicinity, that he has taken and fitted up in good order the Theatre in Flagg Alley, for the purpose of holding forth his Chemical and Philosophical Experimental Lectures, as Fire King, commencing on THURSDAY, Dec. 13, and continue FRIDAY and SATURDAY evenings.

He will commence his Experiments by eating Burning Sealing Wax, Live Fire Coals, and Lecturing upon the same. He will actually dip his hands into Melted Lead, and take the Lead from the Ladle with his fingers and put it into his mouth; he will also take the lead with a Red Hot spoon, and eat Flaming Balls, drink Boiling Brandy, &c. &c. He will also drink Flaming Oil, &c. &c.

The whole will conclude with his Salamanander Experiments, by entering an Oven of sufficient heat to boil eggs, bread, &c.

He will actually take with him into the Oven a B. of Steak, and cook the same suitable for eating. The spectators can have the privilege of tasting of the same, and viewing the Oven. This Exhibition is strictly moral, and Scientific Gentlemen, of Medical Faculties, are requested to inspect each experiment as fast as performed.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—performance to commence precisely at 6 o'clock.

Box Tickets 25 cents; Pit do. 12½ do—do be had at the Market Tavern, the Office, during the days and evenings of performance.

—ALSO—

TWENTY-THREE other superb HISTORICAL PIECES, LANDSCAPES and WATER SCENES, richly colored.

For particulars see small bills.

ADMISSION to the Menagerie, 25 cents—from the menagerie to the Picture Gallery, 12½ cents. Children under 10 years of age, half price.

—ALSO—

A SHORT TIME LONGER.—HARRINGTON'S GRAND EXHIBITION.—Ventritissimus and Natural Magic Mechanical Automaton.—Fortune Teller, &c. at Julian Hall, corner of Milk and Congress st, will continue open every evening.

Mons. G. respectfully informs also the young gentleme of the city, that his second quarter for their instruction in the above art and the various departments of knowledge, on Monday evening, from half past 7 till half past 9 o'clock.

For further particulars apply to Mons. G. at his residence, No 6 Province House Court, or at the Hall on the days and evenings of instruction.

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